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# HARVARD UNIVERSITY SONGS



# HARVARD UNIVERSITY SONGS

*Compiled by E. F. DU BOIS, 1903*

*Drawings by S. A. WELLDON, 1904, & C. M. BILL, 1900*



BOSTON

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK

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LYON & HEALY

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***DEDICATED TO***  
**THE HARVARD UNION**



**T**HE compiler has tried to make a collection of the songs that are actually sung at Harvard, by the Glee Club, by the crowds at the football games, and by the undergraduates and graduates. Many of the songs and versions of songs have been passed down to the present classes by ear alone, and are printed here for the first time. For the selection and arrangement of the songs the compiler wishes to thank the many members of Harvard Glee Clubs who have helped him, and especially Mr. George L. Osgood, '66, Mr. Walter R. Spalding, '87, Mr. Lewis S. Thompson, '92, Mr. J. D. Greene, '96, Mr. C. O. Swain, 1900, Mr. O. G. Frantz, 1903, Mr. J. A. Field, 1903, and Mr. R. Inglis, 1903. His thanks are due also to the music publishers and composers who have given permission to use the various songs.

---

The arrangements are of three kinds: those for a single voice with piano accompaniment; those which may be sung with both the chief melody and a second; and lastly, those arranged for four male voices to be sung unaccompanied. In these the first and second tenor are written an octave higher than they are to be sung.



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*Andante.*  
TENOR I.

Arranged by W. R. SPALDING, '87.

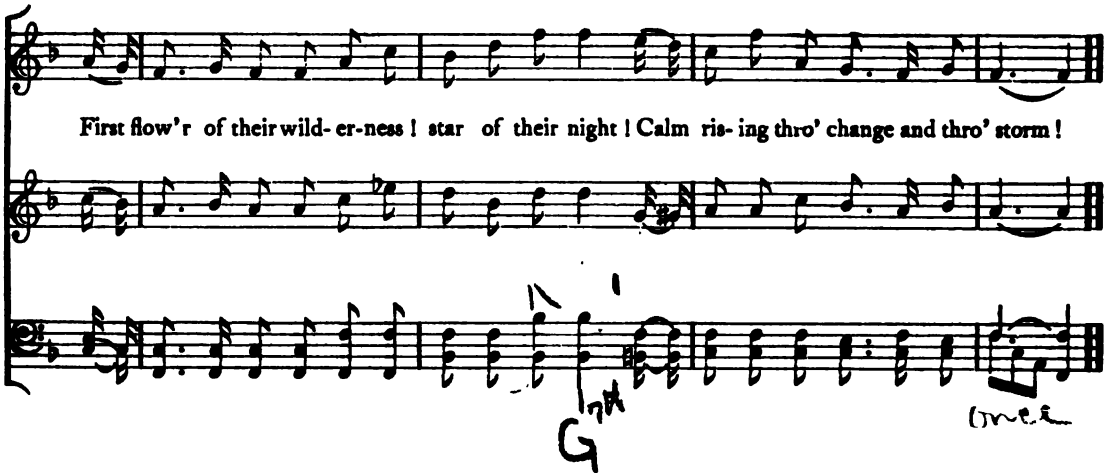
1 Fair Har-ward! thy sons to thy ju-bi-lee throng, And with blessings sur-ren-der thee o'er,  
TENOR II.

BASSES.

By these fes-ti-val rites, from the age that is past, To the age that is wait-ing be-fore.

O rel-ic and type of our an-ces-tor's worth, That has long kept their mem-o-ry warm,

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2 To thy bowers we were led in the bloom of our youth,  
 From the home of our infantile years,  
 When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed,  
 And our sisters had blest through their tears,  
 Thou then wert our parent, the nurse of our soul,  
 We were moulded to manhood by thee,  
 Till freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships and hopes,  
 Thou did'st launch us on Destiny's sea.

3 When as pilgrims we come to revisit thy halls,  
 To what kindlings the season gives birth !  
 Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,  
 Than descend on less privileged earth ;  
 For the good and great, in their beautiful prime,  
 Through thy precincts have musingly trod ;  
 As they girded their spirits or deepened the streams,  
 That make glad the fair city of God.

4 Farewell ! be thy destinies onward and bright !  
 To thy children the lesson still give,  
 With freedom to think, and with patience to bear,  
 And for right ever bravely to live.  
 Let not moss-covered error moor thee at its side,  
 As the world on truth's current glides by ;  
 Be the herald of light and the bearer of love,  
 Till the stock of the Puritans die.





Words from "WOODSTOCK."

Composed by F. BOOTT, '31.

*Allegretto.*



1 Bring the bowl which you boast, Fill it up to the brim: Here's to  
2 Tho' he wan-ders 'mong dan-gers, Neg-lect-ed, a-lone, Un-  
3 Let the hom-age a-bound Which the times can af-ford; The



him we love most, And to all who love him! Brave gal-lants stand up, And a-  
aid-ed 'mid strang-ers, Es-tranged from his own; Tho'tis un-der our breath, A-mid  
knee on the ground And the hand on the sword; But the time shall come round, When'mid



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vaunt, ye base carles!      Were there death in the cup,      Were there death in the  
for - feits and perils,      Yet loy - al to death,      Yet loy - al to  
lords, dukes, and earls,      The loud trum - pet shall sound,      The loud trum - pet shall

*cres.*

*af rallentando.*

cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!  
death, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!  
sound, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a health to King Charles!

*f*      *dim.*      *mf*

*con la parte.*

## CHORUS.

*mf Allegretto.*

TENORS I &amp; II.

Brave gal-lants, stand up, And a-vaunt, ye base carles! Were there death in the cup, Were there

*mf* **BASS I.**

Brave gal-lants, stand up, And a-vaunt, ye base carles!      Were there death

*mf* **BASS II.**

Brave gal-lants, stand up, And a-vaunt, ye base carles!      Were there death

*mf*

*cres.* *f* *sf* *Divisi.*

death in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a

*cres.* *f* *sf*

in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a

*cres.* *f* *sf*

in the cup, Were there death in the cup, Here's a health to King Charles! Here's a

*ff rall.*

health to King Charles!

*ff rall.*

health to King Charles!

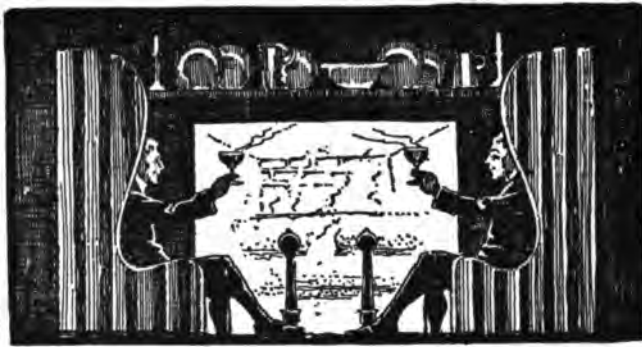
*ff rall.*

health to King Charles!

*ff rall.* *f*

*sf* *dim.* *mf* *D.S.*

# The Winter Song



Words by RICHARD HOVEY.  
*Andante con moto.*

Music by FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD.

1 Ho, a song by the fire! Pass the pipes, pass the bowl; Ho, a song by the fire! With a  
2 Pile the logs on the fire! Fill the pipes, pass the bowl; Pile the logs on the fire! With a  
3 Oh, a god is the fire! Pull the pipes, drain the bowl; Oh, a god is the fire! With a

Pass the pipes, pass the bowl; With a  
Fill the pipes, pass the bowl; With a  
Pull the pipes, drain the bowl; With a

skool, with a skool! Ho, a song by the fire! Pass the  
skool, with a skool! Pile the logs on the fire! Fill the  
skool, with a skool! Oh, a god is the fire! Pull the

skool, with a skool! Ho, a song by the fire!  
skool, with a skool! Pile the logs on the fire!  
skool, with a skool! Oh, a god is the fire!

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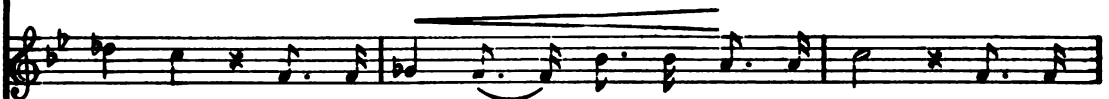
pipes, with a skoal! For the wolf - wind is wail - ing at the  
 pipes, with a skoal! For the fire - gob - lins flick - er on the  
 pipes, with a skoal! For the room has a spir - it in the



Pass the bowl, with a skoal! For the wolf - wind is wail - ing at the  
 Pass the bowl, with a skoal! For the fire - gob - lins flick - er on the  
 Drain the bowl, with a skoal! For the room has a spir - it in the



door - ways, And the snow drifts deep a - long the road, And the  
 ceil - ing, And the wine - witch glit - ters in the glass, And the  
 em - bers, 'Tis a god, and our fa - thers knew his name, And they



door - ways, And the snow drifts deep a - long the road, And the  
 ceil - ing, And the wine - witch glit - ters in the glass, And the  
 em - bers, 'Tis a god, and our fa - thers knew his name, And the



ice - gnomes are march-ing from their Nor-ways, And the great white cold walks a-broad.  
 smoke-wraiths are drift-ing, curl-ing, reel-ing, And the sleigh-bells jin-gle as they pass.  
 worship'd him in long-for-got De-cem-bers, And their hearts leap'd high with the flame.

ice - gnomes are march-ing from their Nor-ways And the great white cold walks a-broad.  
 smoke-wraiths are drift-ing, curl-ing, reel-ing, And the sleigh-bells jin-gle as they pass.  
 worship'd him in long-for-got De-cem-bers, And their hearts leap'd high with the flame.

## REFRAIN.

Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 Zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,  
 fy frost and storm. Ha, ha! we are warm, And we have our hearts' de-sire. For  
 zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

\* The rest of the 1st Basses, tacet.

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

here's four good fel - lows, And the beech-wood and the bel - lows, And the

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

cup is at the lip In the pledge of fel - low - ship. Oh,

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

Here by the fire We

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

here . . by the fire . . We de - fy frost and storm. Ha,

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum,

have our hearts' de - sire. For here's four good

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum. For here's four good

ha! we are warm, And we have our hearts' de - sire. For here's four good

zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum, zum. For here's four good

fel - lows, And the beech-wood and the bel-lows, and the cup is at the lip

fel - lows, And the beech-wood and the bel-lows, And the cup is at the lip

fel - lows, And the beech-wood and the bel-lows, And the cup is at the lip

fel - lows, And the beech-wood and the bel-lows, And the cup is at the lip

*f Lento (recitativo).* In the pledge of fel - low - ship, of fel - low - ship.

*f ma dolce.* In the pledge of fel - low - ship, of fel - low - ship.

*f ma dolce.* In the pledge of fel - low - ship, of fel - low - ship.

*f ma dolce.* In the pledge of fel - low - ship, of fel - low - ship.



# General Grant



Arranged by W. R. S.

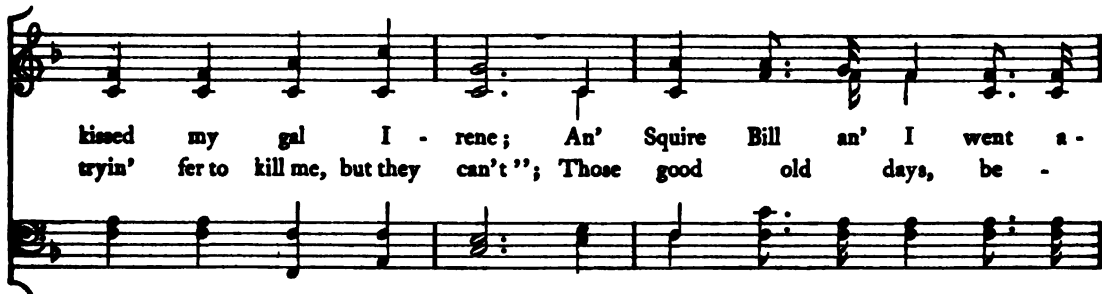
1 How well I re-mem - ber the days of For - ty - nine, When the  
2 How well I re-mem - ber the days of Six - ty - one, When the

old hoss stuck in the mire; And Squire Bill Jones came a -  
cannon balls were flying by the peck; A - long came a cannon ball a -

run - ning down the road, Say - ing, "My Gosh, Cy, there's a fire!"  
whiz - zing through the air, And hit Bill Jones in the neck.

Then I called to my wife for to fetch my rub - ber boots, And I  
Then up jump - ed Bill, and said he, "My neck is tough; They're a -

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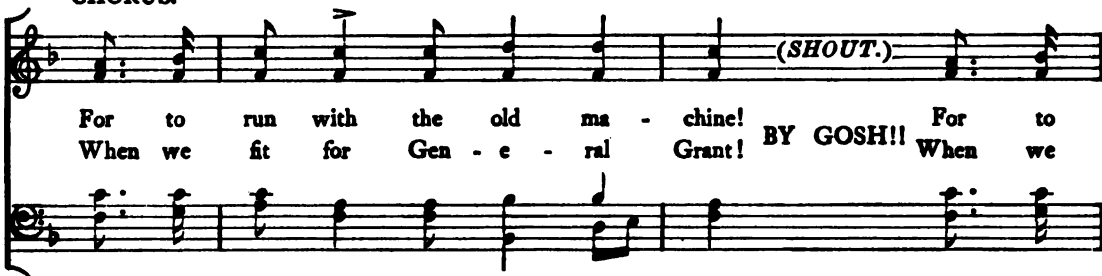


kissed my gal I - rene; An' Squire Bill an' I went a -  
tryin' fer to kill me, but they can't"; Those good old days, be -

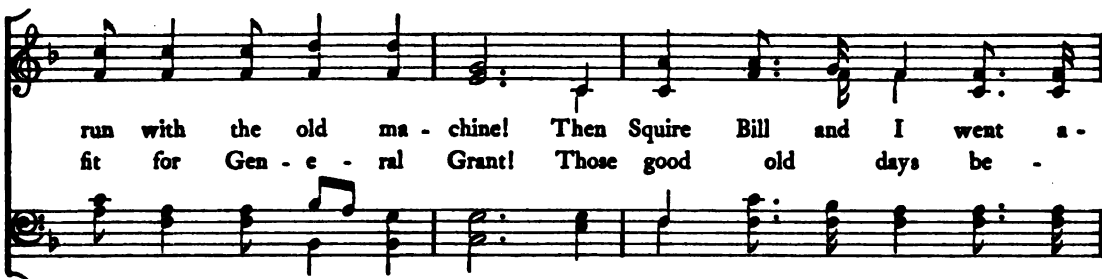


whiz - zing down the road, For to run with the old ma - chine.  
neath the stars and stripes, When we fit for Gen - e - ral Grant!

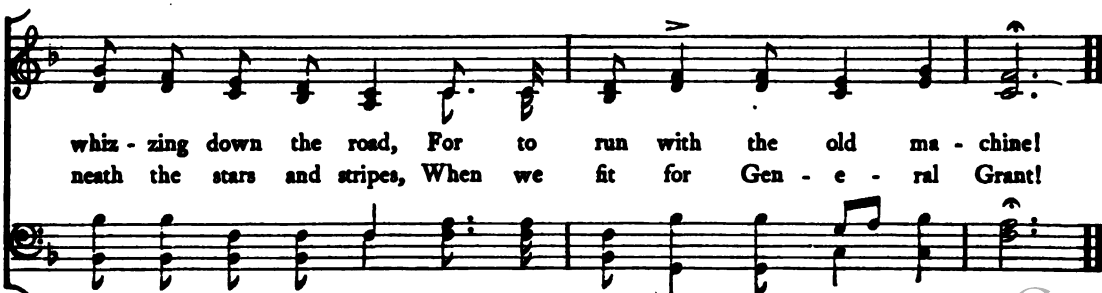
## CHORUS.



(SHOUT.)  
For to run with the old ma - chine! BY GOSH!! For to  
When we fit for Gen - e - ral Grant! When we



run with the old ma - chine! Then Squire Bill and I went a -  
fit for Gen - e - ral Grant! Those good old days be -



whiz - zing down the road, For to run with the old ma - chine!  
neath the stars and stripes, When we fit for Gen - e - ral Grant!



*Allegretto.*  
TENOR I & II.

GEORGE L. OSGOOD, '66.

\* 8:

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASS I & II.

*On the repeat after second stanza go to FINE.*

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BARITONE SOLO.

*f with dash.*

1 There was a young wo-man named Han - nah

2 A gen - tle - man sprang to as - sist her,

*pp* la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, *f* named

as -

*pp* la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, *f*

\* Topical stanzas may be added *ad lib.*, to be delivered through a megaphone.

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\* *Portamento.* Arranged by W. R. S.

Ka - u - a - i ka - u - a - u a - i, E u-a


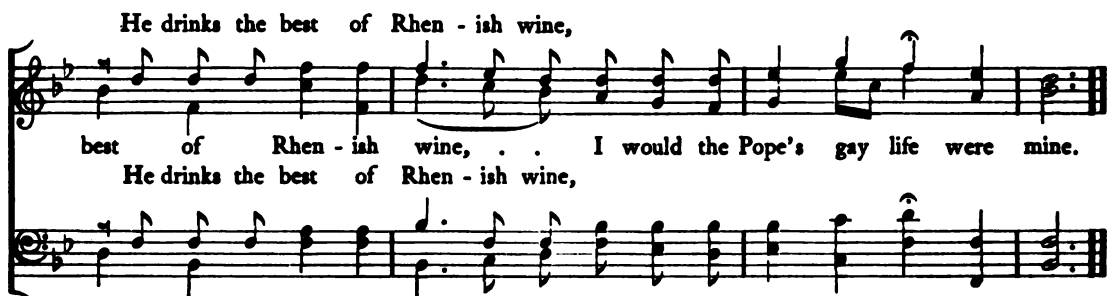
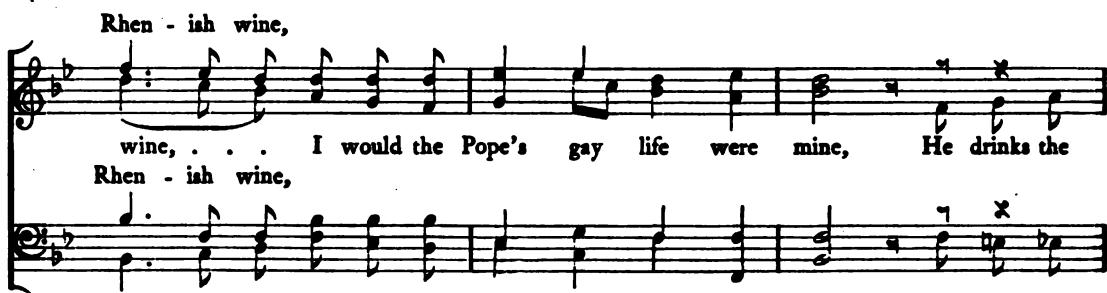
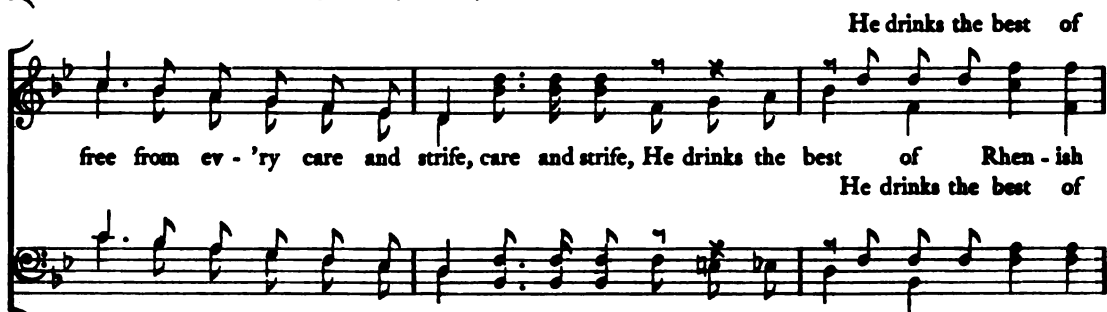
hen - e le - i Pi - li ko - o lu - a; Pu ku ku - i lu - a -

i ka ko - i - ko - i, Ha - na - li - pu - lei - o - o ka pa lei.

\* In the Hawaiian pronunciation every vowel is given a separate sound.

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# THE POPE

2 But he don't lead a jolly life ;  
He has no maid or blooming wife,  
He has no son to raise his hope —  
Oh! I would not be the Pope.

3 The Sultan better pleases me ;  
His life is full of jollity,  
His wives are many as he will —  
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

4 But still he is a wretched man,  
He must obey the Alkoran,  
He dare not drink one drop of wine ;  
I would not change his lot for mine.

5 So, when my sweetheart kisses me,  
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be ;  
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,  
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.



Arranged.

QUARTET.

I'm wuk - kin' on de le - vee;

SOLO.

I once did know a girl named Grace —

QUARTET.

O' wuk - kin' on de le - vee.

SOLO.

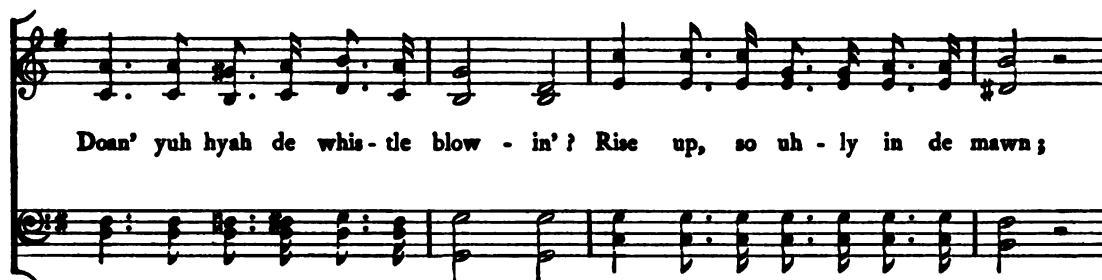
She done brung me to Dis sad dis-grace

\* CHORUS.

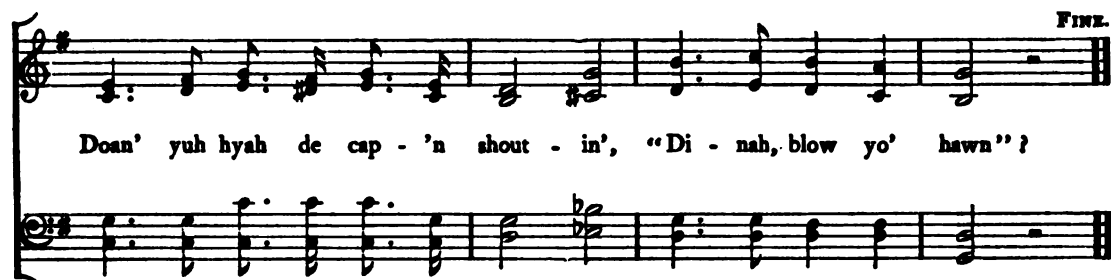
I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road All de live - long day;



I been wuk - kin' on de rail - road Ter pass de time a - way.



Doan' yuh hyah de whis - tle blow - in' ? Rise up, so uh - ly in de mawn ;



Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in', "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn" ?

FIN.





# The Little Old Red Shawl

Arranged by W. R. S.

Oh, that lit - tle old red shawl, That lit - tle old red shawl, That

lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore; It was tat-ter'd, it was torn, It show'd

signs of be - ing worn, That lit - tle old red shawl my moth - er wore.

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1 Oh, the king will take the queen, and the queen will take the jack, And

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment starts with a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

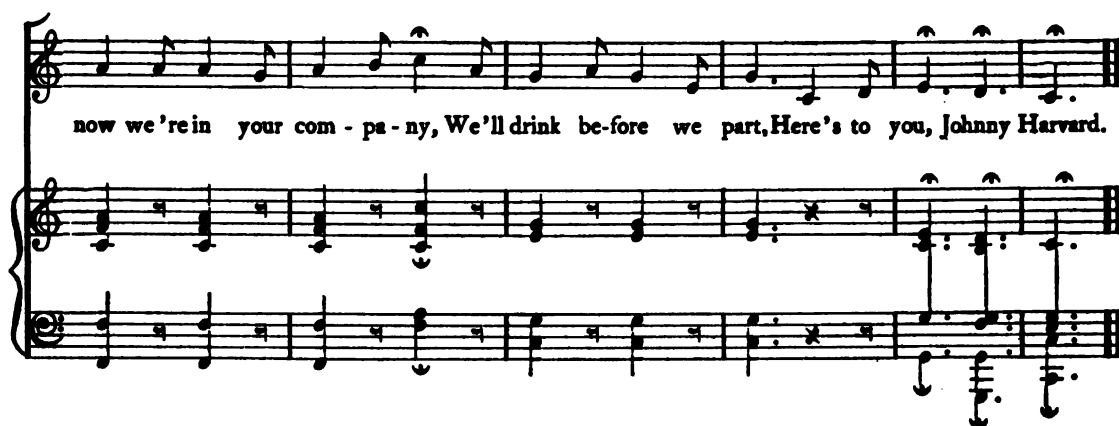
CHORUS.  
now we're in your com - pa - ny, We'll drink to all the pack. Here's to

The chorus section of the music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

you, my jo - vial soul, Here's to you, with all my heart, And,

The final system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

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2 Oh, the ten will take the nine,  
And the nine will take the eight,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We won't go home till late.  
Here's to you, my jovial soul,  
Here's to you, with all my heart,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We'll drink before we part,  
Here's to you, Johnny Harvard.

3 Oh, the seven will take the six,  
And the five will take the four,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We'll have a bottle more.  
Here's to you, my jovial soul,  
Here's to you, with all my heart,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We'll drink before we part,  
Here's to you, Johnny Harvard.

4 Oh, the three will take the two,  
And the ace will take 'em all,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We won't go home at all.  
Here's to you, my jovial soul,  
Here's to you, with all my heart,  
And, now we're in your company,  
We'll drink before we part,  
Here's to you, Johnny Harvard.

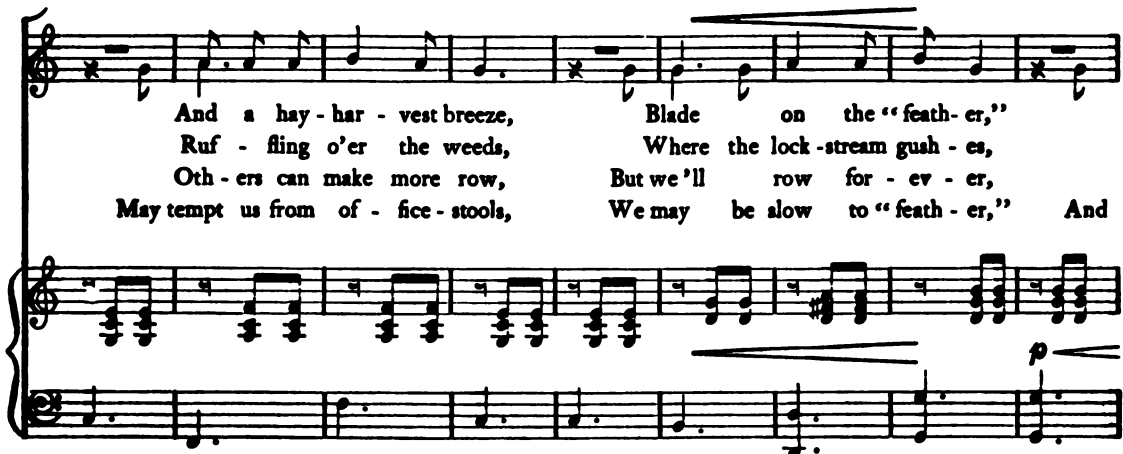


# Jolly Boating Weather

Words adapted for the use of American Colleges by J. C. MACY.

*In tempo di Barcarola.*

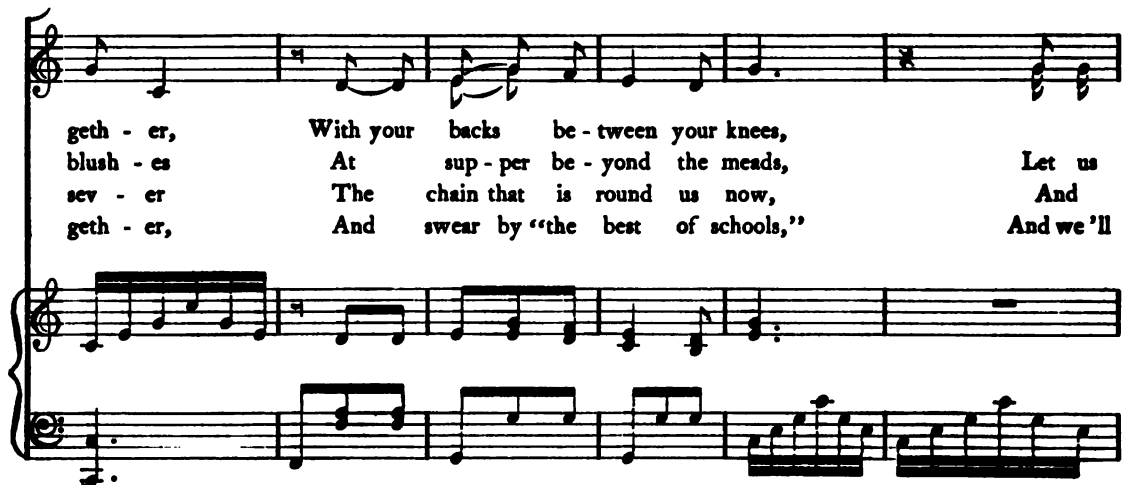
*Allegro con spirito.*



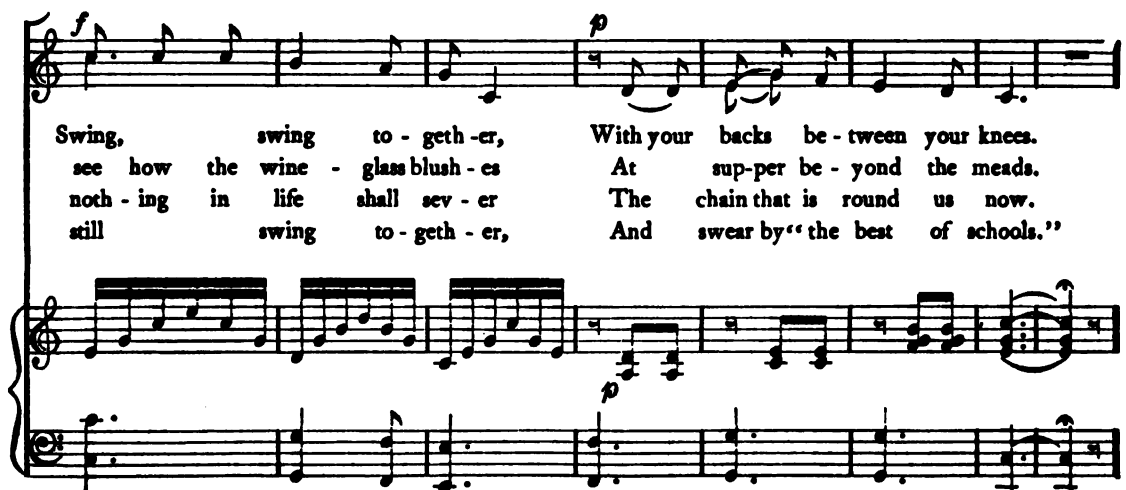
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Shade off the trees, . . . Swing, swing to -  
 Where the wild duck feeds, . . . Let us see how the wine - glass  
 Stea - dy from stroke to bow, . . . And noth - ing in life shall  
 seem to the boys "old fools," . . . But we'll still swing to -



geth - er, With your backs be - tween your knees,  
 blush - es At sup - per be - yond the meads, Let us  
 sev - er The chain that is round us now, And  
 geth - er, And swear by "the best of schools," And we'll



Swing, swing to - geth - er, With your backs be - tween your knees.  
 see how the wine - glass blush - es At sup - per be - yond the meads.  
 noth - ing in life shall sev - er The chain that is round us now.  
 still swing to - geth - er, And swear by "the best of schools."

*p Andante e con tristezza.*

5 Oth-ers will fill our pla-ces, Dress'd in the well-known hue,

*crescendo e ritenuto. a tempo.*

We'll re-col-lect our ra-ces, We'll to the flag be true, . . . And

*crescendo e ritenuto. a tempo.*

*pp*

youth will still be in our fa-ces When we cheer for the old - time crew,

*pp*

*tr*

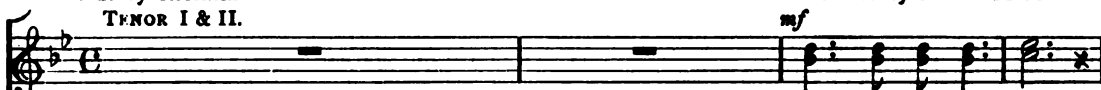
And youth will still be in our fa-ces When we cheer for the old - time crew. . . .



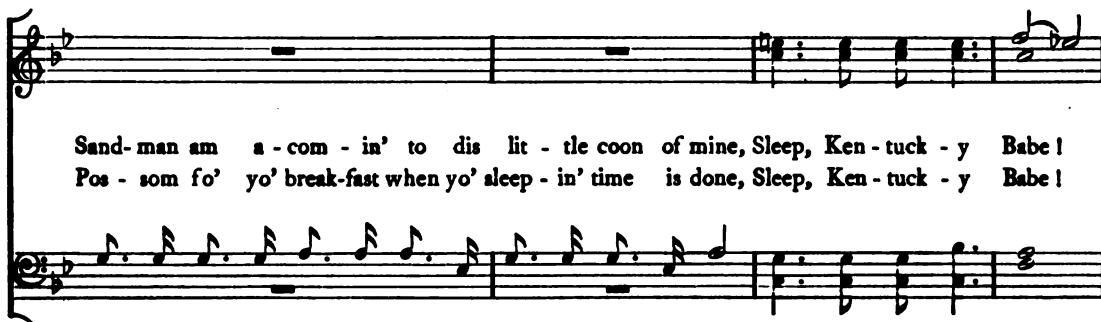
Words by RICHARD HENRY BUCK.

TENOR I & II.

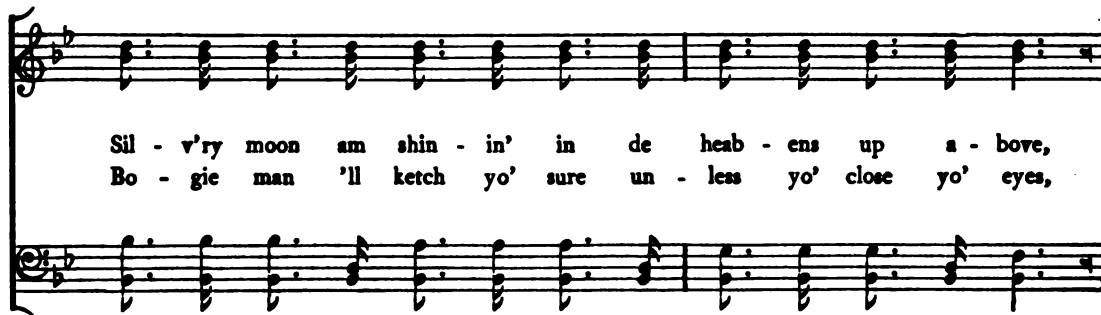
Music by ADAM GRIEGL.



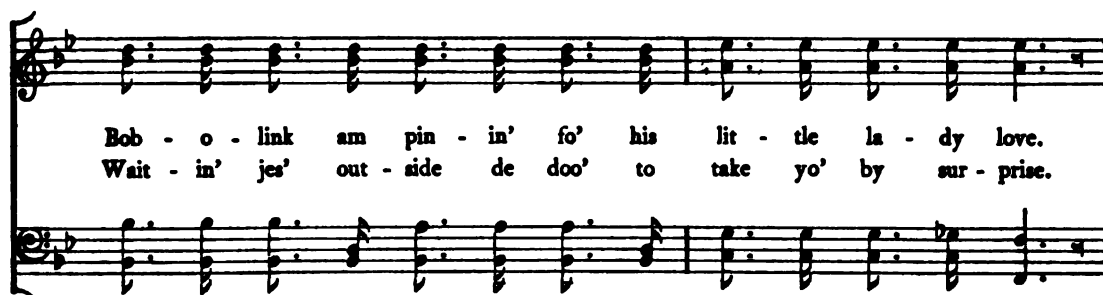
1 'Skee - ters am a - hum - min' on de hon - ey - suck - le vine, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe !  
2 Dad - dy's in de cane brake wid his lit - tle dog and gun, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe !



Sand - man am a - com - in' to dis lit - tle coon of mine, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe !  
Pos - som fo' yo' break - fast when yo' sleep - in' time is done, Sleep, Ken - tuck - y Babe !



Sil - v'ry moon am shin - in' in de heab - ens up a - bove,  
Bo - gie man 'll ketch yo' sure un - less yo' close yo' eyes,



Bob - o - link am pin - in' fo' his lit - tle la - dy love.  
Wait - in' jes' out - side de doo' to take yo' by sur - prise.



You is might - y luck - y, Babe of old Ken-tuck - y, Close yo' eyes in sleep.  
Bes' be keep - in' sha - dy, lit - tle col - ored la - dy, Close yo' eyes in sleep.

REFRAIN.  
*mf a tempo.*



Fly a - way, la, la, la, la, fly a - way, Ken - tuck - y Babe,



fly a - way to rest, Fly - a - way, la, la, la, la,



Lay yo' kink - y, wool - ly head on yo' mam - my's breast.



*Humming.* *p roll.*

Um . . . . Um . . . . Close yo' eyes in sleep. . . .

Um . . . . .

Bank - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a

Um . . . . .

Um . . . . .

bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a

Um . . . . .

Um . . . . .

bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a

Um . . . . .

Um . . . . .

bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk - a bunk.

Um . . . . .



Composed by A. J. MUNDY.

Arr. by A. G. MASON, '36.

Tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp; Tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp,

1 Sol - diers march-ing up the  
2 Proud - ly march-ing on be-

*pp*

Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp; Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp,

street, To mu - sic grand on ev - 'ry hand.  
fore, He looks so grand with staff in hand.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp - e - te, tromp, tromp, tromp,

All the peo - ple run to meet And wel - come Schnei - der's  
See dat ma - jor of the corps, They call it Schnei - der's

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pom - pe - pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

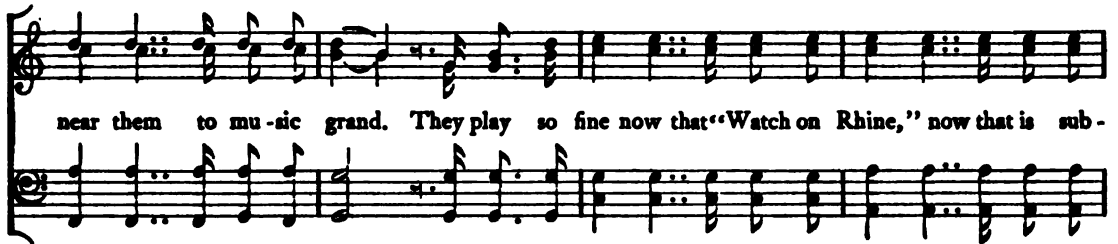
tromp, tromp - e - te, tromp, tromp.

*f*

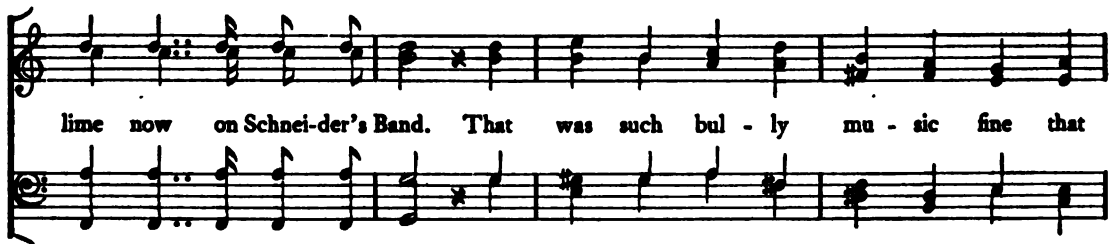
Band. Hear them, the peo - ple cheer them as they draw  
Band.

*f*

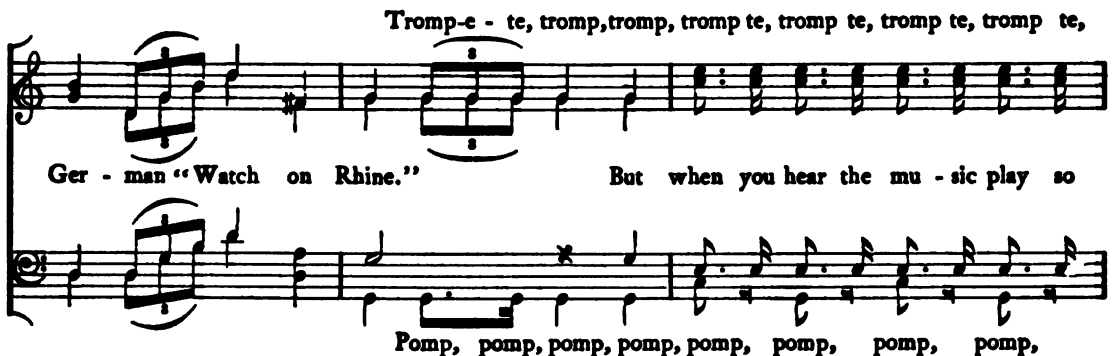
pomp, pom - pe - pomp, pomp, pomp.



near them to mu-sic grand. They play so fine now that "Watch on Rhine," now that is sub-



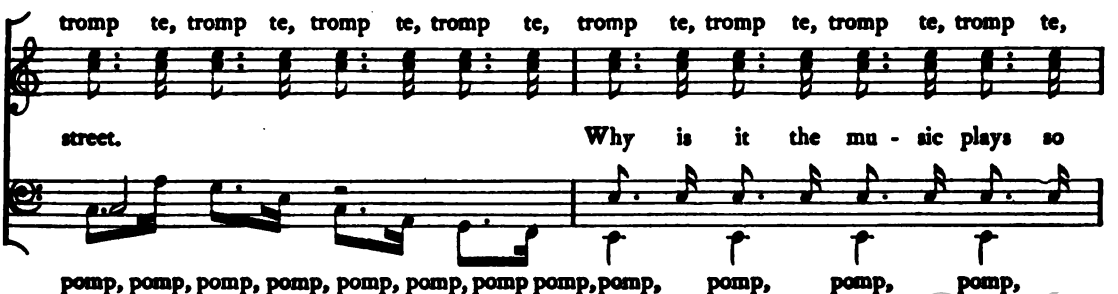
lime now on Schnei-der's Band. That was such bul - ly mu - sic fine that



Tromp-e - te, tromp, tromp, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,  
Ger - man "Watch on Rhine." But when you hear the mu - sic play so  
Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,



tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,  
sweet, see the band a - march - ing up the  
pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,



tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,  
street. Why is it the mu - sic plays so  
pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

grand ? Who is it you think that leads the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

band ? You hear the mu - sic play, You hear the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

peo - ple say It sure - ly must be Schnei - der leads the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

band. You hear the mu - sic play, And as they

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

march a - way, You know it must be Schnei - der leads the band.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, *pp*

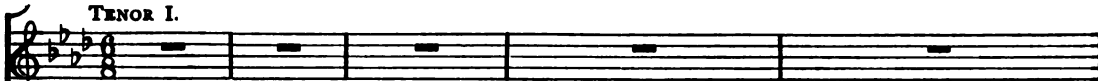


Words by JACOB WENDELL, JR., '91.

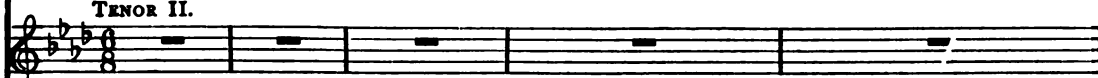
Music by R. W. ATKINSON, '91.

*March time.*

TENOR I.



TENOR II.

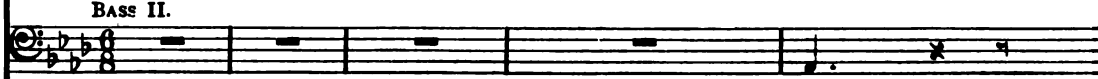


BASS I.

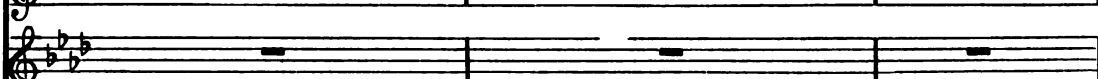
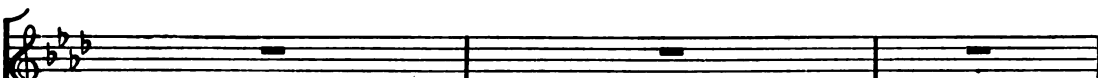


Drum, drum, drum, drum, drum . . Di - di - boom, boom, boom, Di - di -

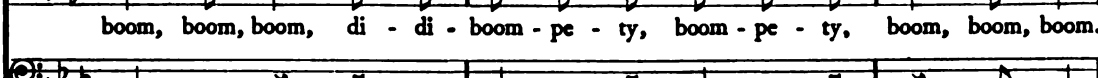
BASS II.



Boom,



boom, boom, boom, di - di - boom - pe - ty, boom - pe - ty, boom, boom, boom.



boom,

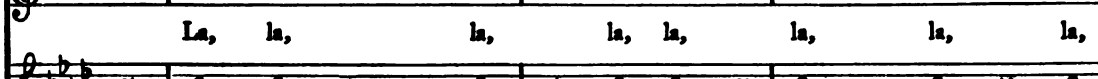
boom,

boom,

boom, boom.



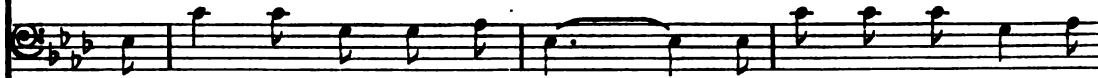
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



'T was on a Sat - ur - day night, . . . We start - ed a com - pa -



Pom,

pom,

pom,

pom,

pom,

pom,

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la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

ny, . . . And e - lect - ed An - tho - ny White . . Our Cap - tain for to

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

be. . . He ac - cept - ed the hon - or with thanks, And ap - point - ed us pi - o -

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. . .

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. . .

neers, . . To march be - fore the ranks . . Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke - teers.

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.

*2d time go to Coda.*

*2d time go to Coda.*

*2d time go to Coda.*

*2d time go to Coda.*

Di-di - rum, . . Di-di - rum, . . Di-di - rum, rum, rum. Oh, we

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom. Oh, we

Boom, boom, boom, boom, rum - ti - rum - pe - ty - rum.

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

march'd so fine - ly down the street, With ban - ners fly - ing gay; . . . Oh,  
girls would sigh as we pass'd them by, With brave and mar - tial air, . . . Our

march'd so fine - ly down the street, With ban - ners fly - ing gay, . . . Oh,  
girls would sigh as we pass'd them by, With brave and mar - tial air, . . . Our

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, . . . pom, pom, pom, pom,

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, . . . pom, pom, pom, pom,

we were quite "au fait," . . That long re - mem - bered day, With  
dress so rich and rare, . . The wonder of ev-'ry one there. With

we were quite "au fait," . . pom, pom, pom, pom, With  
dress so rich and rare, . . With

pom . . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

pom, . . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

1st.  
 White a - head, his plumes so red, just ach - ing for the fray. . . . We  
 hol - low sound we struck the ground, kept

1st.  
 White a - head, his plumes so red, just ach - ing for the fray. . . . Pom,  
 hol - low sound we struck the ground, kept

1st.  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, . . . pom, pom, pom. We

1st.  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, . . . pom, pom, pom, pom,

2d.  
 heard them shout as we turned a - bout, "Hur-ray - ray - ray!" Oh, the time with trump-ets

2d.  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, ray - ray - ray!" Oh, the pom, pom, pom,

2d.  
 heard them shout as we turned a - bout, "Hur-ray - ray - ray!" pom, pom,

2d.  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, ray - ray - ray!" pom, pom,

blare; Nev - er a man there was in the van Who would not do and dare.

pom; Nev - er a man there was in the van Who would not do and dare.

pom; Nev - er a man there was in the van Who would not do and dare.

pom; Nev - er a man there was in the van Who would not do and dare.



Fi - o - neer com - pa - ny, halt!      Fi - o - neer com - pa - ny, halt!

Fi - o - neer com - pa - ny, halt!      Fi - o - neer com - pa - ny, halt!

For - ward,

Rub, dub, dub - a - dub, rub, dub, dub - a - dub, dub - a - dub, dub - a - dub, For - ward,

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

march —      As by we went, . . . . . All at pre -

march —      As by we went, . . . . . pom, pom . .

to - ta. . . . . Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

pom, pom, pom, pom, pom pom, pom, pom,

sent, . . . . . With brist-ling bay - 'nets bright-ly beam - ing, With mea-sured  
 . . . pom, pre - sent, With brist-ling bay - 'nets bright-ly beam - ing, With mea-sured  
 pom, pom, pom, bay-'nets bright-ly beam - ing, pom, pom, . .  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, beam - ing, pom,

tread . . . . . We march a - head, . . . . . The sun on  
 tread, . . . . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom - eto pom, On  
 . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, On  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

pol - ished vis - ors gleam . . . . . ing. A - long the  
 pol - ished vis - ors gleam . . . . . ing. A - long the  
 pol - ished vis - ors gleam . . . . . ing. Ta, la, . . .  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

street, . . . . . With sound-ing beat, . . . . . Our com-pa-ny was  
 street, . . . . . pom, pom, . . pom, pom-eto, pom, pom, was  
 . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, was  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

hailed with cheers; . . And in re-view . . . . .  
 hailed with cheers; . . And in re-view, pom-eto, . . pom,  
 hailed with cheers; . . pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,  
 pom, pom, pom, . . . pom, pom, pom,

. . . There were but few, . . . . . la, la, la, la,  
 There were but few, pom, pom, pom, pom, la, la, la, la,  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, To be com-pared with Pi-o-  
 pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

*D.C.*

la, la, la, la . . . la, la, la, la. . . . .

la, la, la, la . . . la, la, la, la. . . . .

neers, . . . . . la, la, la, la, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.

la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.

*CODA.*

Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke - teers, Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke -

Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke - teers, Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke -

Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke - teers, Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke -

Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke - teers, Of the Mul - li - gan Mus - ke -

teers, teers, teers, teers! *FST! BOOM!*

teers, teers, teers, teers! *FST! BOOM!*

teers, teers, teers, teers! *FST! BOOM!*

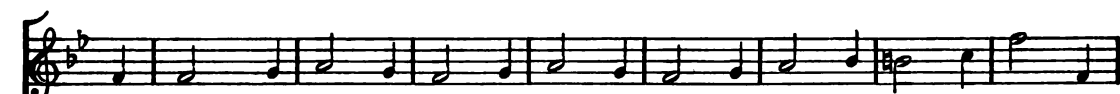
teers, teers, teers, teers! *FST! BOOM!*



Words by GEORGE COOPER.

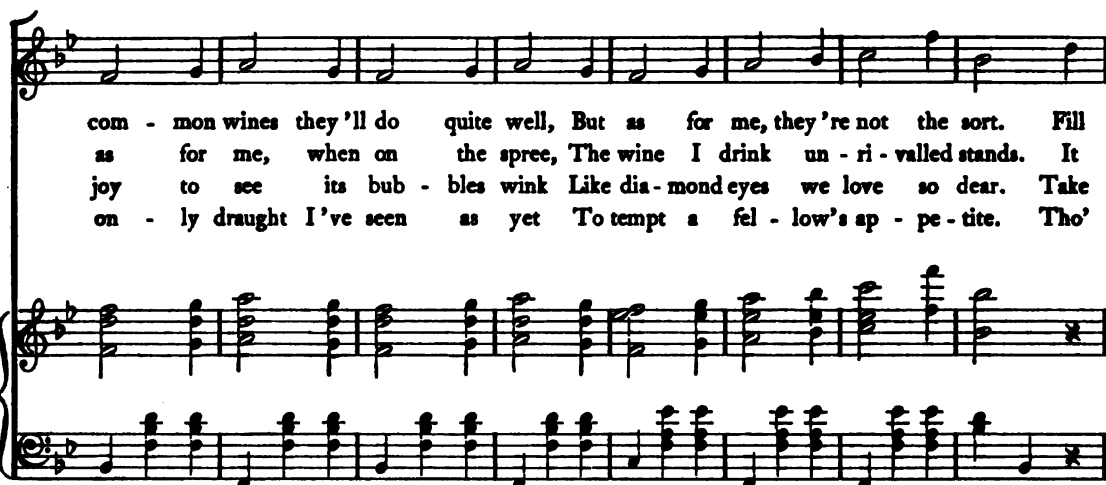
Music by CHAS. E. PRATT. Arr. by L. K.

*Tempo di valse.*

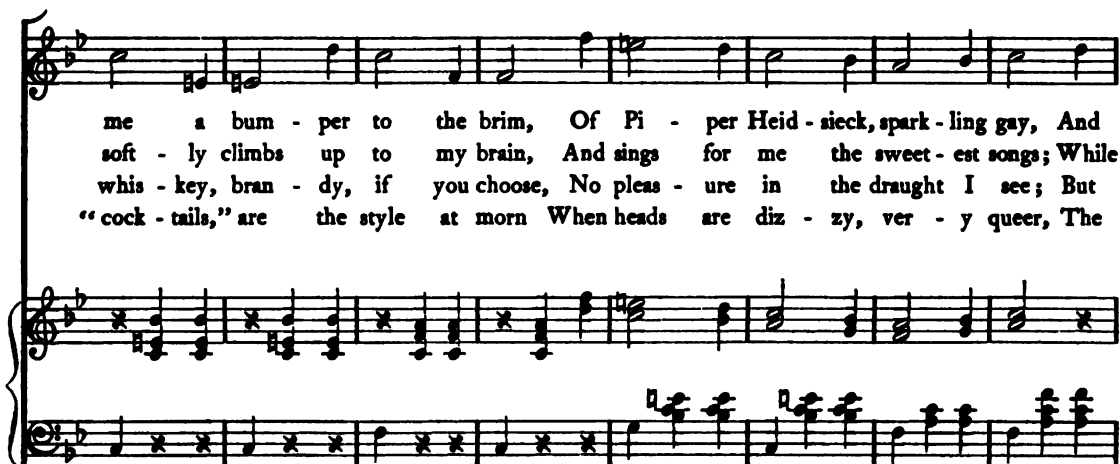


1 Oh, some may sing of Sweet Mo-selle,—Of To - paz, Sher - ry, Ru - by, Port; For  
 2 For Rhine wine some may have a taste, And some may fan - cy oth - er brands; But  
 3 Oh, 'tis the wine I love to drink, It keeps me mer - ry all the year! What  
 4 It makes you ev - 'ry pain for - get, It makes the dark - est day so bright; The

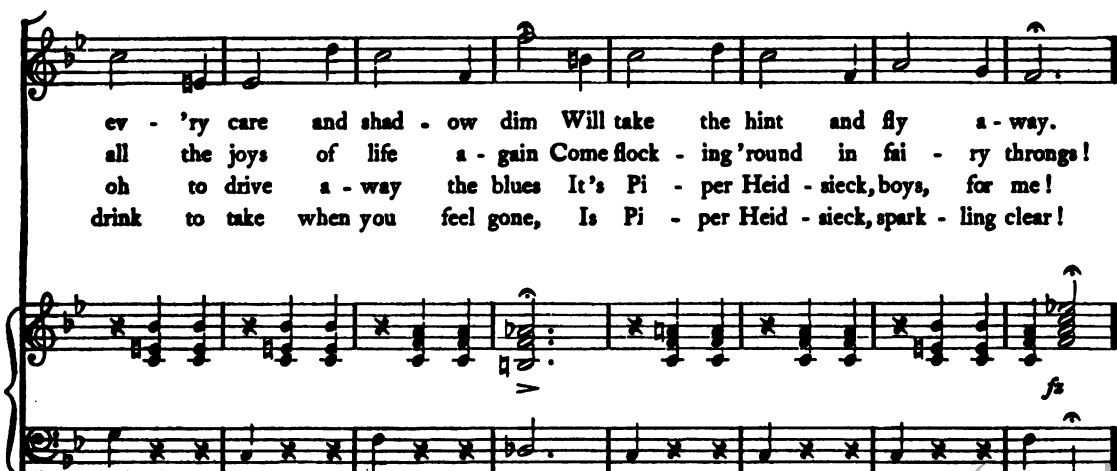




com - mon wines they'll do quite well, But as for me, they're not the sort. Fill  
as for me, when on the spree, The wine I drink un - ri - valled stands. It  
joy to see its bub - bles wink Like dia - mond eyes we love so dear. Take  
on - ly draught I've seen as yet To tempt a fel - low's ap - pe - tite. Tho'



me a bum - per to the brim, Of Pi - per Heid - sieck, spark - ling gay, And  
soft - ly climbs up to my brain, And sings for me the sweet - est songs; While  
whis - key, bran - dy, if you choose, No pleas - ure in the draught I see; But  
"cock - tails," are the style at morn When heads are diz - zy, ver - y queer, The



ev - 'ry care and shad - ow dim Will take the hint and fly a - way.  
all the joys of life a - gain Come flock - ing 'round in fai - ry throngs!  
oh to drive a - way the blues It's Pi - per Heid - sieck, boys, for me!  
drink to take when you feel gone, Is Pi - per Heid - sieck, spark - ling clear!

## CHORUS.

Heid - sieck, Pi - per Heid - sieck! That is the wine, boys, Bum-per di - vine, boys,  
la, la,

Heid - sieck, Pi - per Heid - sieck, That is the wine, boys, the wine for me.

*f* *D.S.*



# UP THE STREET

Words by W. L. W. FIELD, '98.

*Three lower voices very lightly.*

TENOR I & II.

*Tenor I, well marked.*

Music by ROBERT G. MORSE, '96.

Arranged for Men's Voices by W. R. S.

*mf*

Look where the crim - son ban - ners fly! Hark to the sound of tramp - ing

BASS I & II.

feet! There is a host ap - proach - ing nigh, — Har - vard is march - ing up the

street! On - ward to vic - to - ry a - gain! March - ing with drum - beat and with

Hear the re - frain, . . . . . As it

song, — Hear the re - frain, Hear the re - frain! thun - ders a - long, as it thun - ders a -

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Be - hold! . . . . . they come in  
*cres*

1st. 2d.

long! Look where the long! *Lightly.* Drum, dum, dum, dum, dum, they come in

Drum, . . . . .

view, . . . . . Who wear . . . . . the crim - son  
*cen do.*

view, they come in view, drum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, the crim - son

drum, . . . . . Who wear . . . . .

hue, . . . . .

hue, the crim - son hue—Whose arms are strong, whose hearts are

hue, . . . . .

1st. 2d.

true! Ev - er to Har - vard! ev - er to Har - vard! Be - vard!

And

*Three upper voices lightly.*

Drum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum,

Har - - vard's glo - ry shall be our aim, And through the

dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum,

ag - es the sound shall roll, When all . . . to - ge - ther we

And

dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, with heart and

Drum,

cheer her name, When we cheer her with heart and soul, with heart and soul!

Har - - vard's glo - ry shall be our aim, And

soul!

dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum,

through . . the ag - es the sound shall roll, When all . . . to -

dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, dum, the sound shall roll, When all, when all to -

ge - ther we cheer her name, When we cheer her with heart and soul!

ge - ther we cheer her name, When we cheer her with heart and soul!



Words by JAMES BRADSTREET GREENOUGH, '56.  
*Con moto* (2 beats).

Music by J. K. PAINÉ, A. M., '69.

A - ve, ma - ter per - be - nig - na, Om - ni pi - e - ta - te . . dig - na,

Nul - la ae - tas . . te ma - lig - na Den - te mor - det . . as - pe - ro.

Cap - tas . . sem - per no - vas lau - des Ho - nes - ta - te sem - per gau - des,

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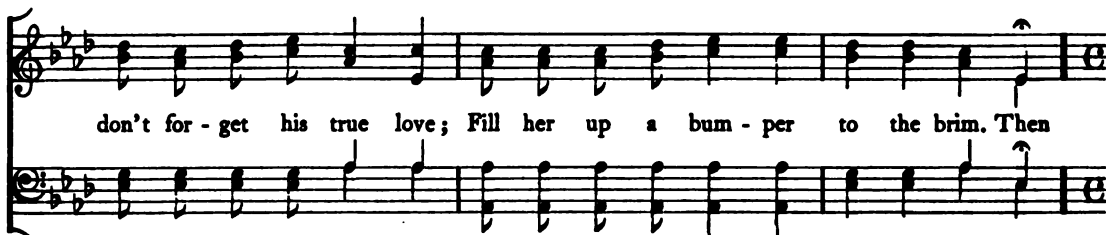
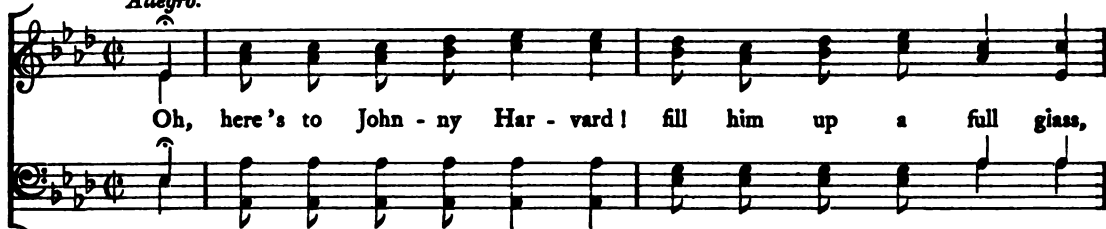
2 Fluunt saecula, ruunt moles,  
 Perit mox humana proles,  
 Illa autem, quae tu soles  
     Laborare, permanent.  
 Disciplina, quam tueris,  
 Bonae artes, quas tu seris,  
 Veritas, quam revereris,  
     In aeternum remanent.

3 Pleno gaudio affecta,  
 Filios ad tua tecta  
 Redeuntes nunc aspecta  
     Mutua laetitia.  
 Nec oblivisceris multos  
 Celebratos aut occultos,  
 Acres olim, nunc sepultos,  
     Sancta cum maestitia.

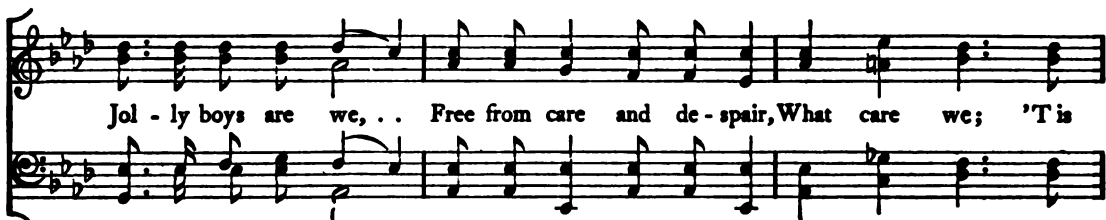
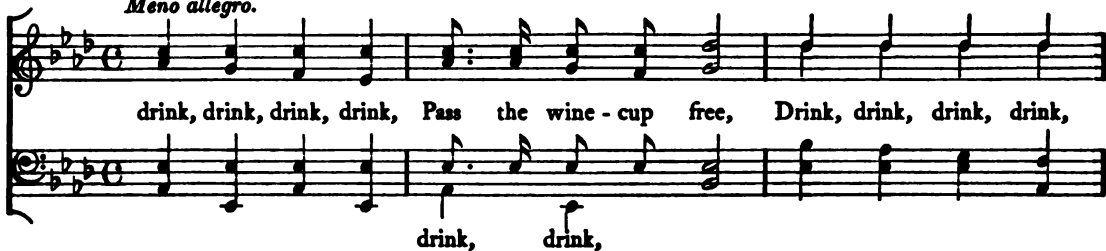
4 Multi tibi servierunt,  
 Opes laudem sacraverunt,  
 Ate aucti te auxerunt  
     Larga parsimonia.  
 Laudem et nos pariemus,  
 Sapientiam colemus,  
 Tibi semper nos dedemus  
     Pura sanctimonia.



*Allegro.*



*Meno allegro.*



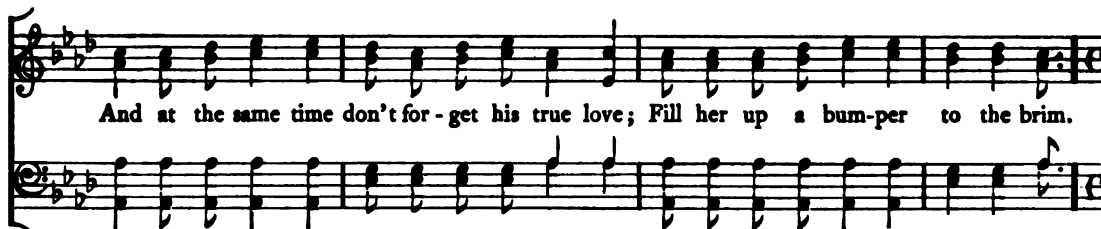
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*Tempo primo.*


wine di - vine, That brings us jol - li - ty. Oh, here's to John - ny Har - vard!



fill him up a full glass, Fill him up a glass to his name and fame,



And at the same time don't for - get his true love; Fill her up a bum - per to the brim.

\* *Tempo di marcia.*


We nev - er drink, . . . 'tis ver - y clear, . . . Be - cause the

We nev - er drink, 'tis ver - y clear,



"fizz" . . . is ver - y dear; . . . But roll us

Be - cause the "fizz" is ver - y dear;

Melody enclosed thus \* \* by permission of Wm. A. Pond &amp; Co.

in . . . . . a keg of beer, . . . . and watch us wink, wink, wink.

But roll us in, a keg of beer, wink, wink, wink. Then

*Meno allegro.*

drink, drink, drink, drink, Pass the wine-cup free; Drink, drink, drink, drink, Jol - ly boys are we,

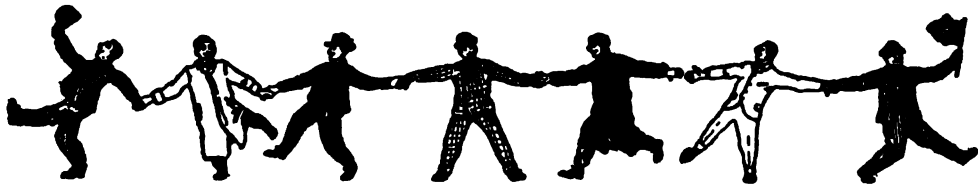
drink, drink,

Free from care and de-spair, What care we; Here's to wine di-vine, That brings us jol-li-ty. Drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink,

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Yes, drink.

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Yes, drink.



# GLORY for the CRIMSON

SOLO.

Arranged by W. R. S.

Raise the crim - son en - sign to the

place it held of yore! In the loy - al spir - it that shall live for - ev - er - more! The

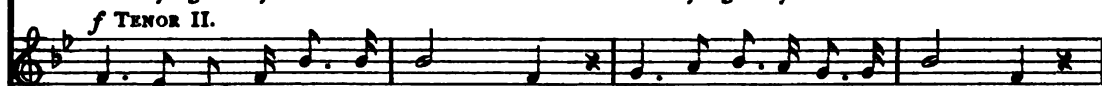
sun will set in crim-son as the sun has set be-fore! For this is Har-vard's Day!



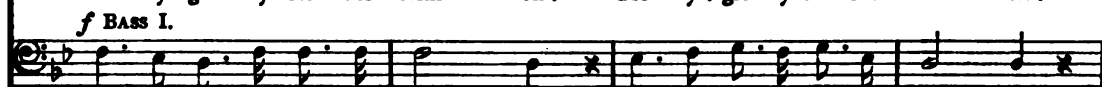
## CHORUS.

*f* TENOR I.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* TENOR II.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* BASS I.

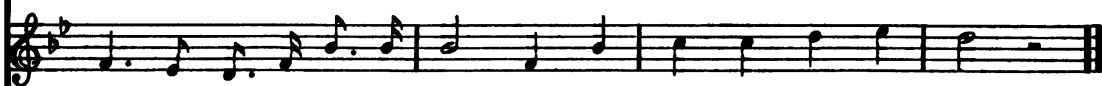
Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* BASS II.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



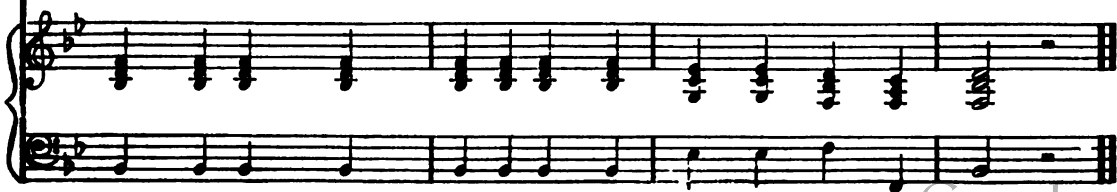
Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!

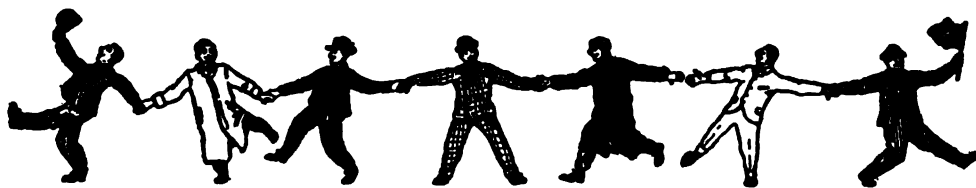


Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!





# GLORY for the CRIMSON

SOLO.

Arranged by W. R. S.

Raise the crim - son en - sign to the

place it held of yore! In the loy - al spir - it that shall live for - ev - er - more! The

sun will set in crim-son as the sun has set be-fore! For this is Har-vard's Day!

## CHORUS.

*f* TENOR I.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* TENOR II.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* BASS I.

Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!

*f* BASS II.

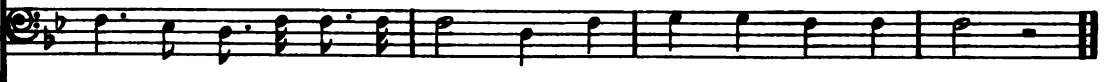
Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



Glo - ry! glo - ry for the crim - son! For this is Har - vard's Day!



# Bring the Wagon Home, John



Arranged by W. R. S.

O bring the wa - gon home, John, It can - not hold us all;

We used to ride a - bout in it When you and I were small.

O bring the wag - on home, John, It can - not hold us all;

We used to ride a - bout in it When you and I were small.



Words by RICHARD HOVEY.  
*Andante con moto.*

Music by FREDERIC FIELD BULLARD.

*f*

1 Give a  
2 Oh, ..

*tr...*

*f marcato.*

rouse, then, in the May - time, For a life that knows no fear! Turn  
we're all frank-and-twen - ty When the spring is in the air; And we've

*mf*

night-time in - to day - time With the sun - light of good cheer! For it's  
faith and hope a - plen - ty, And we've life and love to spare; And it's

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*mf leggiero, con brio.*

al - ways fair wea - ther When good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a  
birds of a fea - ther When good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a

*mf leggiero, con brio.*

*cres. e rit. f* \* CHORUS (*ad lib.*)

stein on the ta - ble and a good song ring - ing clear; For it's  
stein on the ta - ble and a heart with - out a care; And it's

*cres. rit. f*

*a tempo.*

al - ways fair wea - ther When good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a  
birds of a fea - ther When good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a

*a tempo.*

*rit.*

stein on the ta - ble and a good song ring - ing clear.  
stein on the ta - ble and a heart with - out a care.

*rit.*

\* First Tenors sing the upper small notes, Second Tenors and First Basses the melody, Second Basses the lower small notes, dividing at the last chord.

*f*

3 For we  
4 \* When the

*f marcato.*

*tr.....*

know the world is glo - rious, And the goal a gold - en thing, And that  
wind comes up from Cu - ba And the birds are on the wing, And our

*mf*

God is not cen - so - rious When His chil - dren have their  
hearts are pat - ting ju - ba To the ban - jo of the

*mf leggiero, con brio.*

fling; And . . . life slips its te - ther When  
spring, Then . . . life slips its te - ther When

*mf leggiero, con brio.*

\* The 4th verse may be reserved for an encore.

good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a stein on the ta - ble in the  
good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a stein on the ta - ble in the

*cres. e rit.* **CHORUS.** *a tempo.*

fel - low - ship of spring; And . . life slips its te - ther When  
fel - low - ship of spring; Then. . life slips its te - ther When

*cres. e rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a stein on the  
good fel - lows get to - geth - er, With a stein on the

*ff* *rit.*

ta - ble in the fel - low - ship of spring.  
ta - ble in the fel - low - ship of spring.





# BRIGHT COLLEGE YEARS

Words by H. S. DURAND, Yale, '81.

Music by CARL WILHELM.

1 Bright col - lege years, with pleas - ure rife, The short - est, glad - dest years of life; How

swift - ly are ye glid - ing by, Oh, why doth time so quick - ly fly! The

sea - sons come, the sea - sons go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and

To break, to break the friend-ships  
change shall nought a - vail To break the friend - ships formed at Yale.

2 We all must leave this college home,  
About the stormy world to roam;  
But though the mighty ocean's tide  
Should us from dear old Yale divide,  
As round the oak the ivy twines  
The clinging tendrils of its vines,  
So are our hearts close bound to Yale  
By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

3 In after-life, should troubles rise,  
To cloud the blue of sunny skies,  
How bright will seem, through memory's haze,  
The happy, golden, bygone days!  
Oh, let us strive that ever we  
May let these words our watch-cry be,  
Where'er upon life's sea we sail:  
"For God, for Country, and for Yale."

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# The Party at



## Odd Fellows Hall

Words by J. WENDELL, JR., '91.

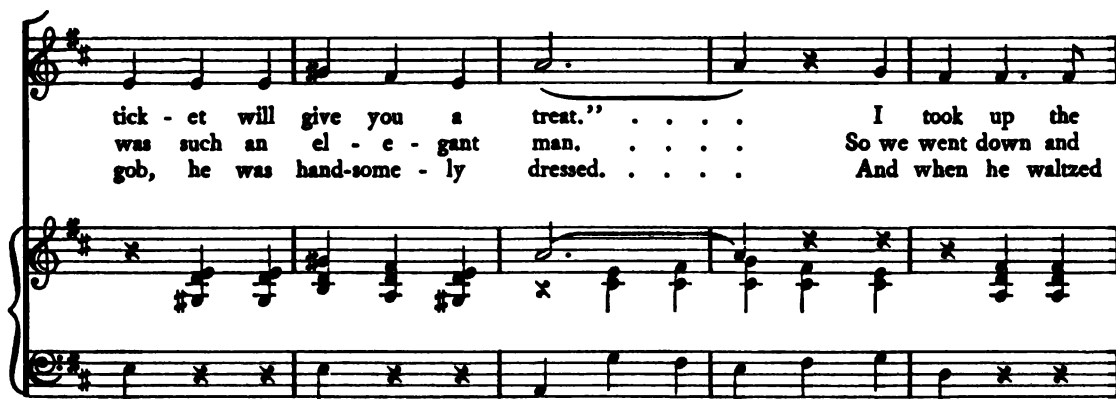
Music by R. W. ATKINSON, '91.



1 I met my friend Pa - trick Mc -  
 2 I paid fif - ty cents for the  
 3 Mc - Ken - na, he was floor di -

Ken - na, . . . . . One . . ev - 'ning on Wash - ing - ton Street. . .  
 tick - et, . . . . . Then I called on Miss Bridg - et Mc - Cann; . .  
 rect - or, . . . . . He . . wore a green badge on his chest, . .

. . . He said to me, "Hy, Tim - my Doo - lan, . . . . . Here's a  
 . . . She said she would go to the par - ty . . . 'Cause I  
 . . . A pink neck - tie tucked in his shirt - front; . . . Be



tick - et will give you a treat." . . . . I took up the  
 was such an el - e - gant man. . . . . So we went down and  
 gob, he was hand - some - ly dressed. . . . . And when he waltzed



card that he of - fered; . . . 'T was not ver - y large, 't was - n't  
 jumped in a her - dic; . . . . The driv - er says, "Where shall I  
 off wid Miss Bridg - et, . . . . Sure, I was - n't in it at



small, . . . . . It said, "Ad - mit a gent and a la - dy  
 call?" . . . . . Says I, in a dig - ni - fied man - ner,  
 all, . . . . . But says I, to me - self, "Whist, Mc - Ken - na,



To the par - ty in Odd Fel - lows Hall." . . . . .  
 "You can take us to Odd Fel - lows Hall." . . . . .  
 There's more than one man in the Hall." . . . . .

## CHORUS.

Waltzes, Polkas, Land Cancers, Galops, Glides, Port land Fancy, Quadrilles, and Reels, and Slides, High lows, Di

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The third system has a vocal line with two endings, marked '1st.' and '2d.', and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

dos, how they danc'd 'em all! . . . . . I'll

nev - er for - get the time, you can bet, I went down to

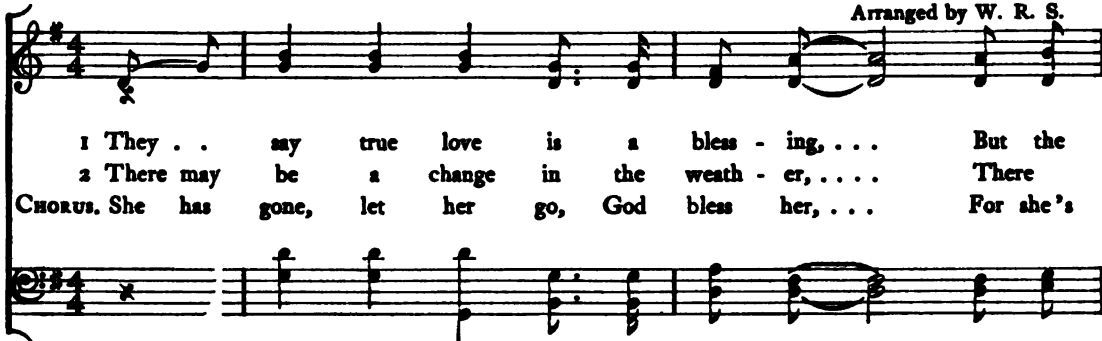
1st. Odd Fel - lows Hall. 2d. Hall. . . . .

- 4 I waited until they had finished,  
 Then up to him boldly I goes,  
 And says I to him, "Patsy McKenna,  
 Say where did ye hire them clothes?"  
 "You're a liar!" says Pat in a second;  
 Says I, "What's that word that ye call?"  
 And the next minute me and McKenna  
 Were cleaning up Odd Fellows Hall.
- 5 Next morning, before Justice Duffy,  
 McKenna and me was brought in.  
 "Ten dollars," says he, "or ten days, sir!"  
 And me and Pat had n't the tin;  
 So we took a short sail down the harbor,  
 Begob, we were feeling quite small,  
 And we stayed for ten days on Deer Island,  
 For scrapping in Odd Fellows Hall.

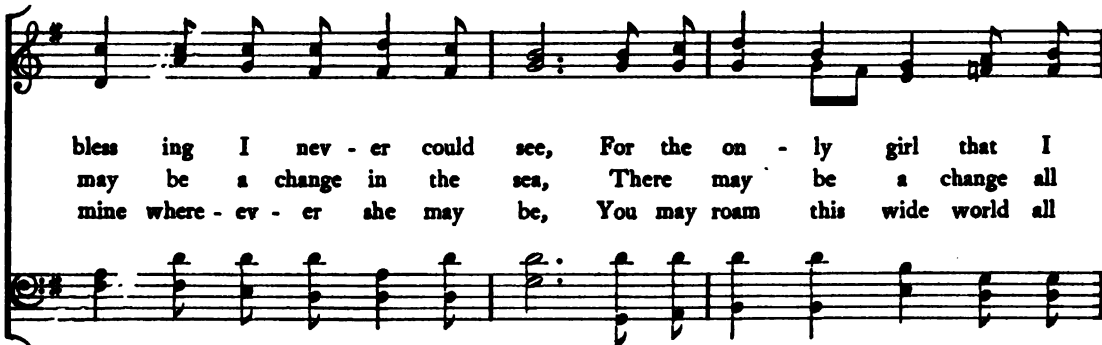
# SHE'S GONE

## LET HER GO

Arranged by W. R. S.



1 They . . say true love is a bless - ing, . . . But the  
 2 There may be a change in the weath - er, . . . There  
 Chorus. She has gone, let her go, God bless her, . . . For she's



bless ing I nev - er could see, For the on - ly girl that I  
 may be a change in the sea, There may be a change all  
 mine where - ev - er she may be, You may roam this wide world all



ev - er loved Has . . done gone . . back on me.  
 ov - er, . . . . . But there'll never be a change in me.  
 ov - er, . . . . . But you'll never find a friend like me.

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Vino (two beats a measure).

Melody by F. E. Bigelow.  
Arranged by W. R. S.

VOICE PARTS I & II.

Hard luck for poor old E - li, Tough

*mp*

*stac.*

on the Blue ; . . . . . Now all to -

*cres.*

*cres.*

ge - ther, Smash them and break through.

*f*

*f*

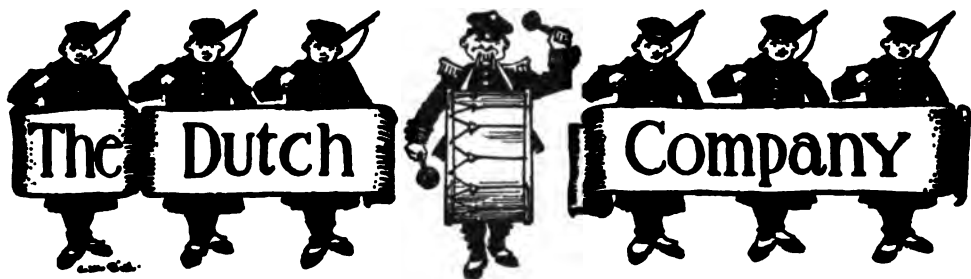
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First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *mf* dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Gainst . . . the line of Crim - son They can't pre -

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: vail, . . . . Three cheers for Har - . The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line includes the lyrics: vard, And down with Yale, Yale. Rah! Rah! Rah! The system includes first and second endings, marked '1st.' and '2d.'. The piano accompaniment features a *ff* dynamic marking in the left hand.





Arranged by W. R. S.

O when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Then you may know that the Dutch have come, For the Dutch com - pa - ny is the

best com - pa - ny That ev - er came ov - er from Old Ger - ma - ny.

### 1903 CLASS SONG.

(Air, Dutch Company.)

O there's Nineteen Two and there's Nineteen Four,  
And there's going to be a lot of Nineteens more;  
But Nineteen Three is the best company  
That ever came over from Old Germany.

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Arranged by W. R. S.

*Marcato.*

The cheers from the Har - vard hosts ring high, While the Crim - son ban - ner's

stream - ing; Lift the Crim - son glo - ry to the sky Where the

sun - set red is gleam - ing — And our hearts beat fast for old

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Har - vard. To her name shall her sons be ev - er true, Long

The first system of musical notation for 'The Marseillaise'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by a quarter rest, then eighth notes A and B, and continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

live . . . . her glo - rious fame! Long live . . . . her glo - rious

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff features a half note G, followed by eighth notes A and B, and then a half note C. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with chords.

fame! Then stand and raise your

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff starts with a half note G, followed by a half note A, and then a half note B. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'Then stand and raise your' are spread across the measures.

col - ors on high! On! on . . . . to vic - to - ry!

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a half note G, followed by a half note A, and then a half note B. The bass staff continues the accompaniment. The lyrics 'col - ors on high! On! on . . . . to vic - to - ry!' are spread across the measures.





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